

PT

2473

A33R59

The Knight of Toggenburg.



Class PT2473

Book A33R59

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The Knight of Toggenburg.

TRANSLATED

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FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

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The Translator has kindly permitted this Ballad to be
Printed, in aid of the Funds for Building a National
School for the Parishes of Great and Little Shelford.

The Knight of Toggenburg.

“ Knight, a true-felt Sister’s love
Owns my heart for you ;
Ask me for no other love,
It pains me when you do.

“ Calmly can I see you here ;
Calm your going see ;
And your silent bursting tear
But bewilders me.”

And he hears with woe suppress;—
Tears him thence by force ;—
Clasps her wildly to his breast;—
Leaps upon his horse.

Sends to all his men of war,
In the Switzers' land;
To the Holy Grave they fare,
They, the Red Cross band.

There are mighty actions done;
There his arm is strong;
There their crests are ever shown
'Mid the foremost throng.

And the Toggenburgher's name
Frights each Moslem chief:
Yet his woe is still the same,
Nor can find relief.

Now a painful year is over,
He no more can bear;
Rest nor peace can he discover,
And he leaves the war:

Sees a ship on Joppa's strand,
With its swelling sails;
Hies him to the much-lov'd land
Where *she* breathes the gales.

There at her tall Castle's bounds
Does the Pilgrim knock ;—
Opes the door ;—the answer sounds
Like the thunder's shock :

“ She you seek the veil now wears,
Is the Bride of Heaven ;
Yesterday with pomp and prayers
She to God was giben.”

Then he leaves, for aye and ever,
Towers, his father's pride ;
At his weapons looks he never,
Nor his courser tried.

Down the Toggenburg's high stair
Goes unmark'd, unknown;
Sordid weeds and cloth of hair
Round his body thrown.

And he builds him soon a shed
Near that spot on earth,
Where, in limes embowered,
Look'd her Convent forth.

Waiting there from morning's rays
Till the eve came on,
Silent hope in straining gaze,
There he sat alone.

Look'd across the cloister's grove,
Stedfast, long, and hard,
To the window of his love,
Till the casement jarr'd;

Till the lovely form was shown;
Till the dear-loved face
Bent into the valley down,
Mild, with angel grace.

Then he laid him down to rest,
Slept consoled, and fain
Hoped the morrow might be blest
With her look again.

Thus he sat for days and years
On the rock so hard,
Waiting with no complaints or tears,
Till the window jarr'd;

Till the lovely form was shown;
Till the dear-loved face
Bent into the valley down,
Mild, with angel grace.

And one morn, in that same place,
Sat a corpse all chill,
With its pale and stiffen'd face
Towards that window still.

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